

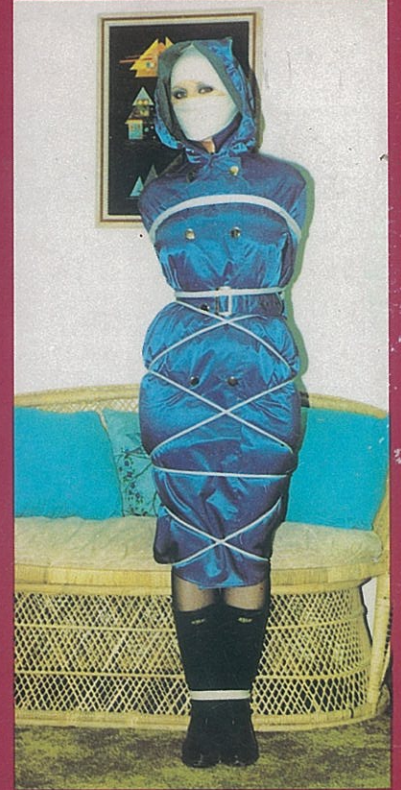
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SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

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FOR AND BY "LOVE BONDAGERS" ONLY
2 SPECIAL SEQUENCES OF SARAH & TARA HAMILTON!



PRIVATE PHOTOS OF A TRUE-LIFE BONDAGE & FETISH
ENTHUSIAST!

ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER. FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY.

SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

NUMBER SIX

WITH TARA HAMILTON



HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS – CELEBRATING THE
PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND BEAUTY
WHOSE “LOVE BONDAGE” IS AS MUCH FOR HER
PLEASURE AS OURS

SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE, NUMBER SIX, NOVEMBER 1985 0075-L

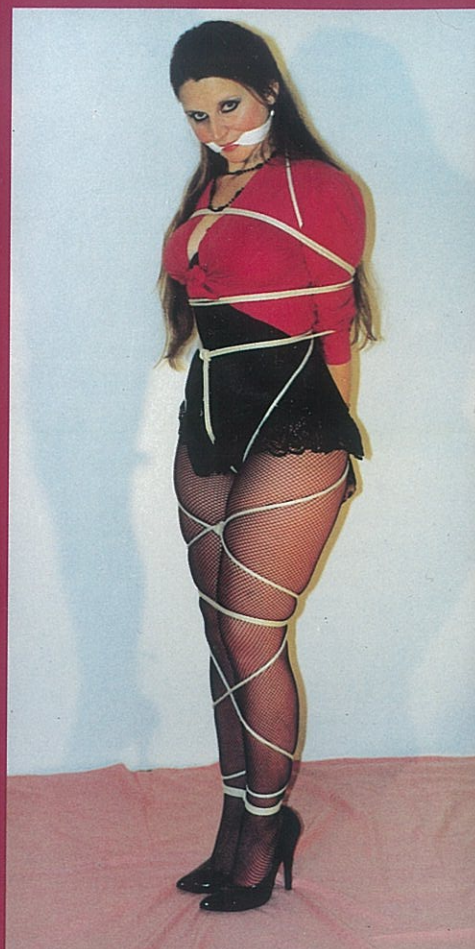
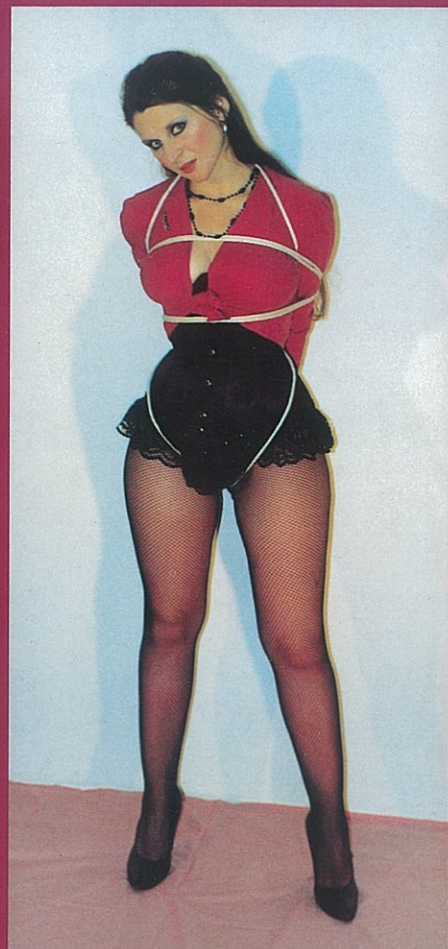
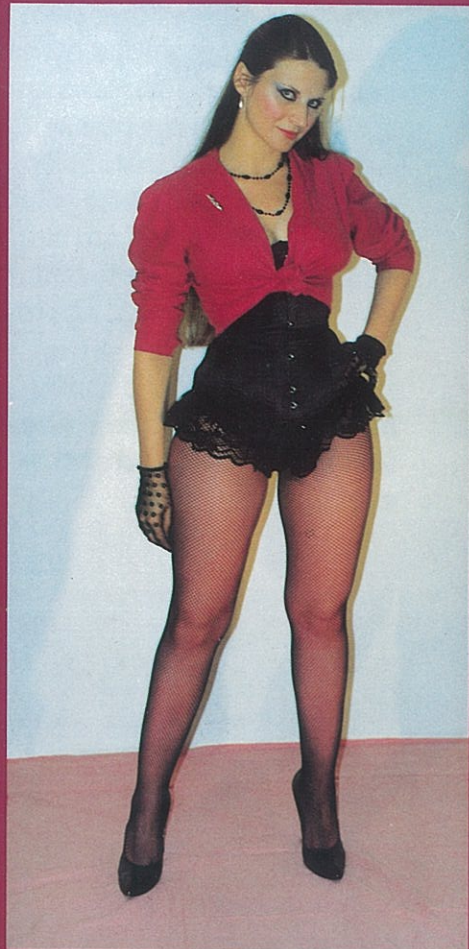
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ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER ADULTS ONLY

“Anyone who has ever seen bondage photographs of me can observe expressions and emotions from my true self. And the same is truer still of anyone who reads here what I write, as I do when I am alone and thoughtful. The fascinating truth is that you, whom I have never met, know me more intimately and more honestly than people I have known for years and see everyday.”



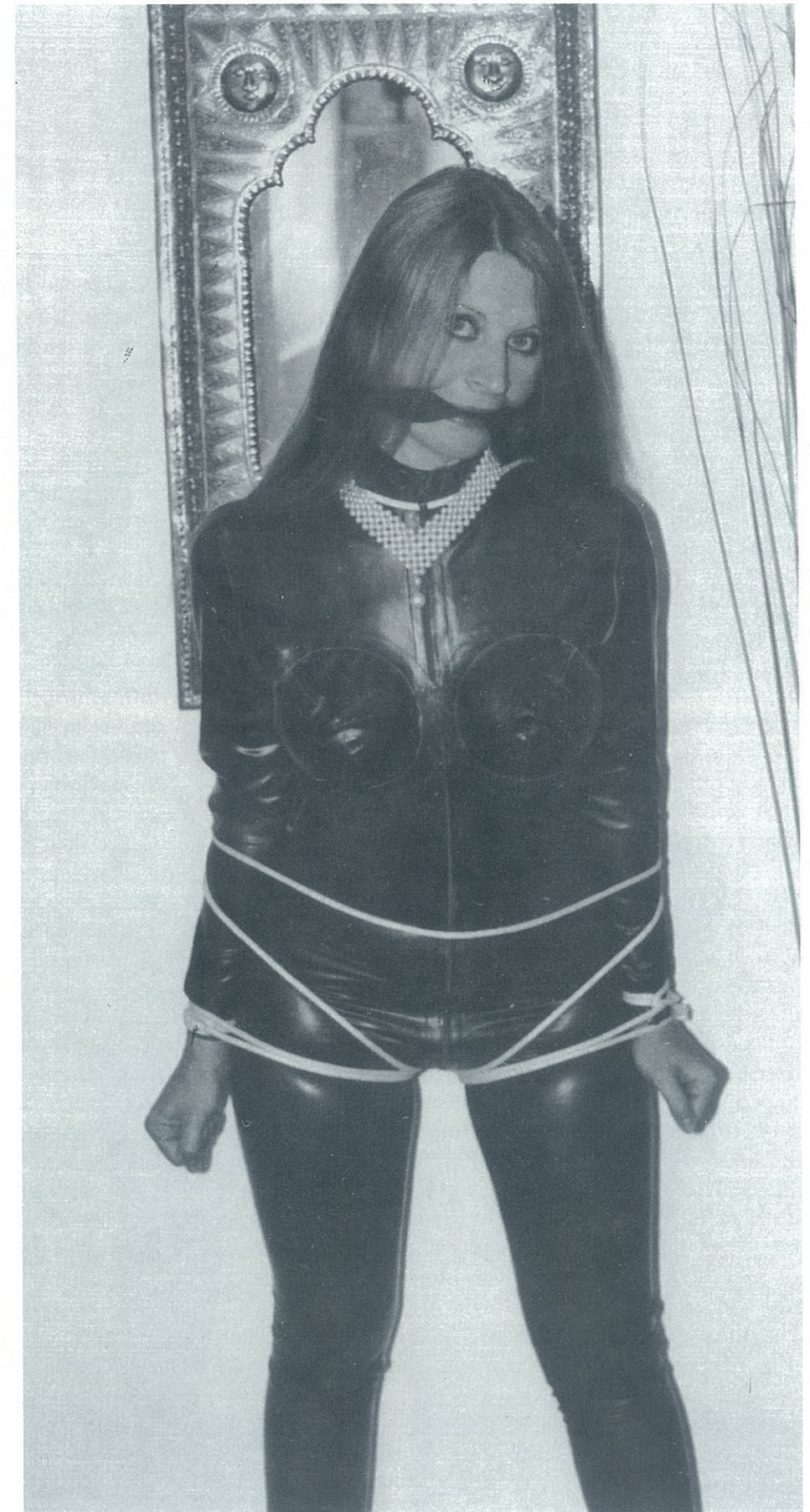


SELF-PORTRAIT

(with Sarah)

In golden light the lady stands
 Her mouth is gagged and both her
 hands
 Are lashed fast, fastened to her
 thighs
 Her legs are spread, a waiting prize
 Of pearls, black rubber, golden hair
 And in the mirror, hiding there
 Her captor in this golden chase
 The barest hint, without a face
 But a camera, yes, a sharing eye
 That makes this more, that lets us
 try
 To celebrate the magic here.
 Red gag and heels and eyes that
 clearly
 Share, delight, in all of this
 Beyond the love, beyond the kiss
 We deal in dreams, and each to
 each
 Give more than one alone can
 reach
 Yes, from this quiet golden glade
 A wider joining can be made
 When Sarah moves, a thousand
 eyes
 Watch slim wrists bound to gleam-
 ing thighs
 Watch how she stands in fading
 light
 Before your gaze, within your sight
 No clearer need the question seem
 See the lady and you share his
 dream

"The wonderful thing about
 bondage is that you can never
 really experience it all. There
 are always new experiences to
 be had — the first time you
 arrange to have yourself tied
 up and left on the floor for your
 partner to find, or the first time
 your lover abducts you. There
 is nothing more exciting than
 to think up a wonderful
 scheme for the other person in
 your life, except perhaps the
 thrill of being on the receiving
 end."





JOIN HARMONY TO MAKE MONEY & HAVE FUN!

You can become Harmony's partner by shooting personal bondage videotapes to our standards and selling them through us. You'll reach the *entire* bondage market through Harmony's mailings and magazines. We ask for fully-dressed, costume and lingerie bondage (no nudes!) and good-natured bondage — no rough stuff, no explicit sex, no guns or weapons or coercion of any kind. Be sure to cover your videotaping with still photography which is necessary to advertise your video programs. If you are interested, do *not* send us a letter of inquiry. Instead, send us the *master copy* of your videotape (after making a copy for yourself) and we'll respond with our terms.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS
Box 69976
Los Angeles, California 90069

THE HARMONY PHILOSOPHY

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is and important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good*, safe and comforting even. He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of

being protected, and the rope becomes surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

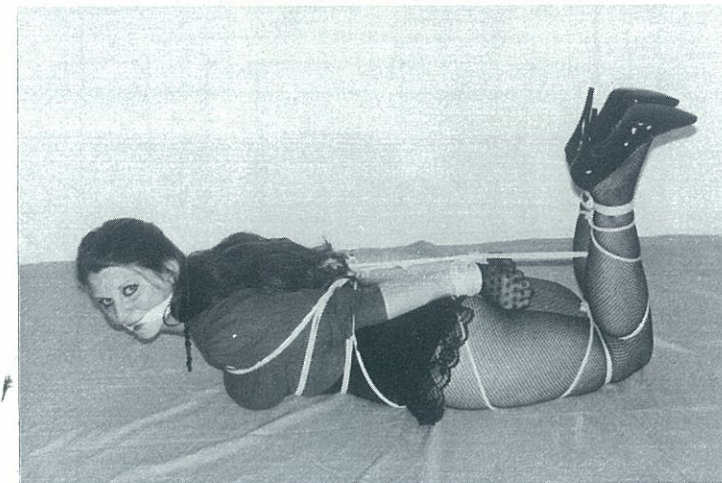
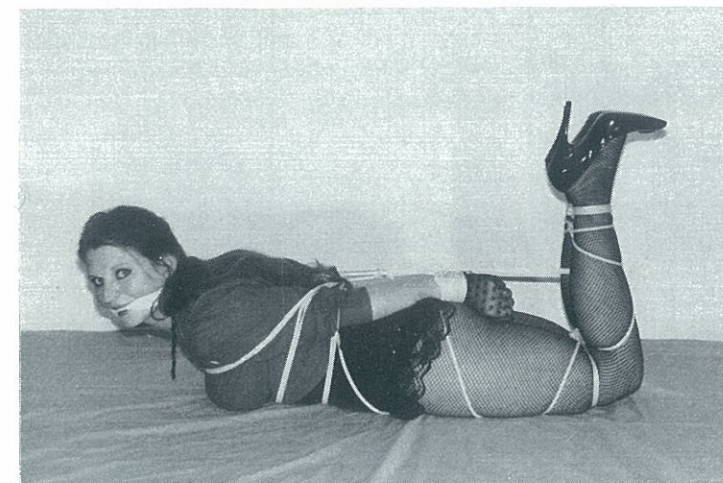
Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. They are fortune-blessed soul-mates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS



SARAH & TARA FOR TENNIS

There is a purity about all-white tennis wear on beautiful women, an inexplicable something that shortens my breath and gets the old bod into such a state of personal crisis that I've given up trying to fathom it. I have to accept that fact, and ask that you accept that I have to.

The thought of having Sarah and Tara together in white tennis gear, bound and gagged for more Love Bondage, was a thrilling one. So, after our first wonderful session, some bondage tennis was the name of the game. Arranging it was hardly a problem; the girls were both very eager too.

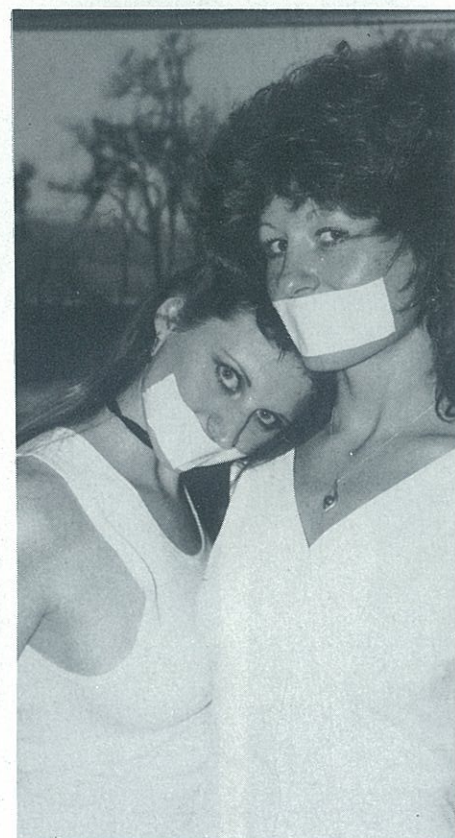
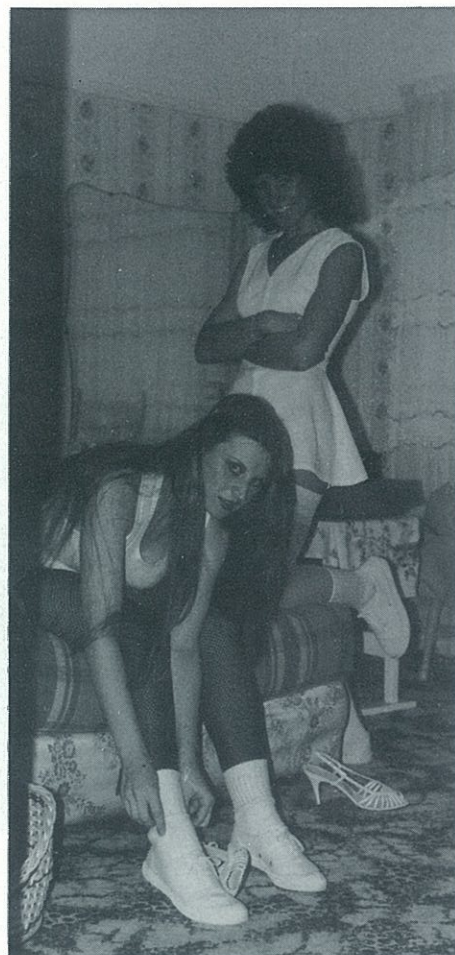
So we met, very comfortable together now after that crucial first time, and they changed into the tennis things I had provided. Not strictly game standard, mind; they did wear very feminine hose with their sports things, setting up some of those interesting contrasts I find so exciting, a blending of modes and styles. One added fillip for me was that their tennis shoes were of a matching style for the occasion: Dunlop Volley OC's, a famous Australian style of tennis shoe that featured very prominently in my adolescent fantasies.

Just watching them "robing" in front of me had my heart pounding, drawing on tennis dress or skirt, lacing up their thick-soled, squeaky white Volleys, adjusting their make-up — it was really quite delight-

ful and all part of the bondage play that was to follow. Their easy fondness for each other, the way they discussed their attire and the photography that was to come was quite charming to witness. And yet, what sounded like inconsequential little nothings really just concealed the swelling excitement, the anticipation.

The eternal ambivalence: I'm in charge and calling the play. And so are they!

So I proceeded in a business-like manner, ignoring the remarks, the calculated teases, the short hemlines, the pretty white-shod feet. I put a small rubber ball into each girl's mouth, then taped their lips with adhesive. I bound their hands behind their backs, then posed them in front of the camera. After some nice (and very natural) snuggling shots, I led them into the main bedroom and had them sit together on the floor. They couldn't speak. The soft foam-rubber balls were spongy enough to be comfortable, but they did their job. Neither of them could do more than make *very* expressive noises behind the strips of white tape. I crossed their ankles and bound them, then rolled my lovely ladies onto their tummies and hogtied them side by side. And that's how I left them for a while, tossing about and gazing first at me, then at one another, sharing the secret they have between them.





Thoughts from our first experience together.

When Atreus passed through while Tara and I were dressing, he commented, "That looks really beautiful! And after that, I think it would be wonderful to see you two grace tennis wear," and continued on his way.

Tara reacted with an immediate "Of course!" But then as the thought occurred to her, Atreus now out of earshot, she thought aloud, "That will be a shame, unless there's a size tennis shoe here that will fit me."

I gave her a twinkling sidelong look, and feigned my best serious voice.

"Yes, that might be a real problem, Tara!"

She looked amused and baffled by my tone for a second, and then when she laughed, I laughed with her wholesomely. She'd overlooked something with her spoken concern, and it was a *very* funny thing to have slipped her mind. She laughed at herself and smiled at me and my oblique manner. There was a feeling then, a warmth created by this rare situation. Of sharing on such an unusual and deeply private level — and yet the sharing was no less than total. I knew things she knew, and between us we understood a very great deal. It was a feeling of being two of a kind, or of suddenly waking up two-thirds of the way through a friendship; foregoing all the preliminaries and yet knowing the other person with the light of truth. There was a closeness and smiles and all the secrets that we didn't have to tell each other. We knew. And in our knowlege, we were certain.

And which things are too important to leave purely to chance?

Sure enough, when the time came, Atreus opened a drawer and produced not only two pairs of sandshoes, *perfectly* sized for each of us, but of course, they even matched!

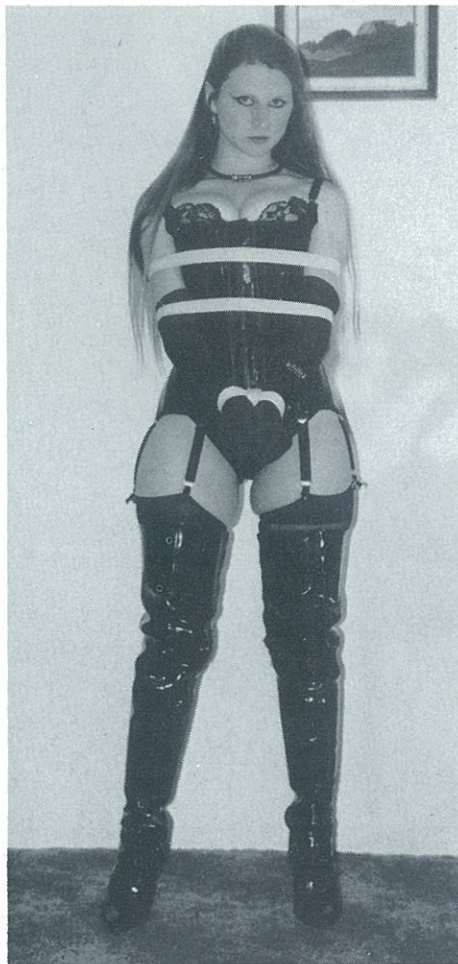
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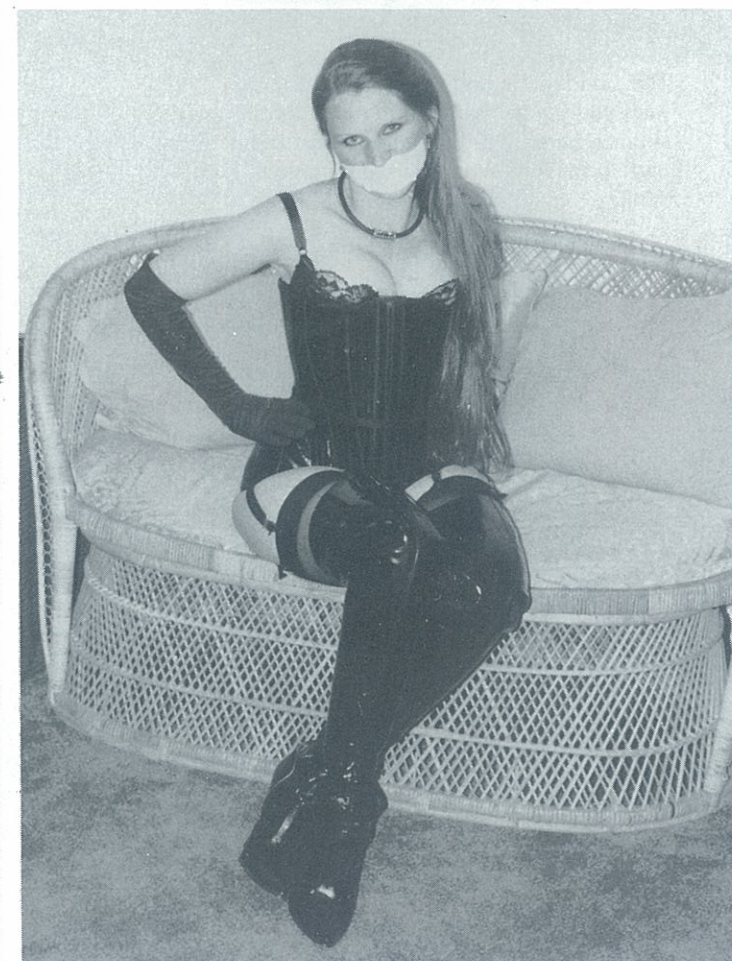
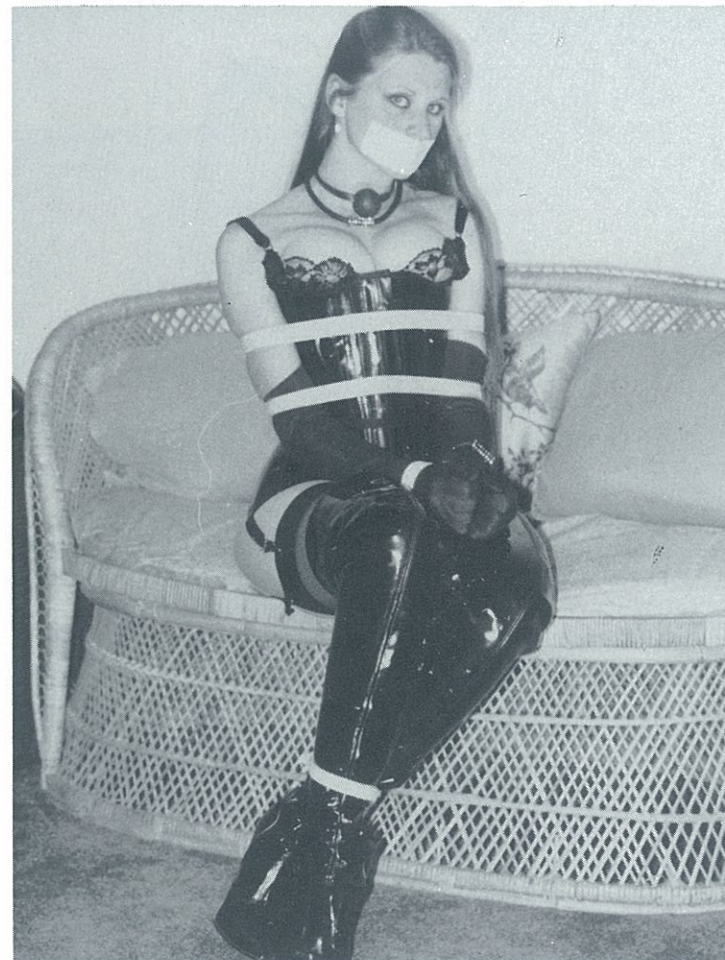






"One of the fun things for me now is shopping. Even when I have no intention of adding to my present wardrobe, I find myself being drawn to particular items and thinking, hey, this would be fabulous in an outfit! But whatever I buy, even if it is shoes or a new belt, I can't help but relent to the urge and challenge of creating an appropriately sexy outfit around it. It's very nice to have a little surprise ready and waiting for Atreus, too!"





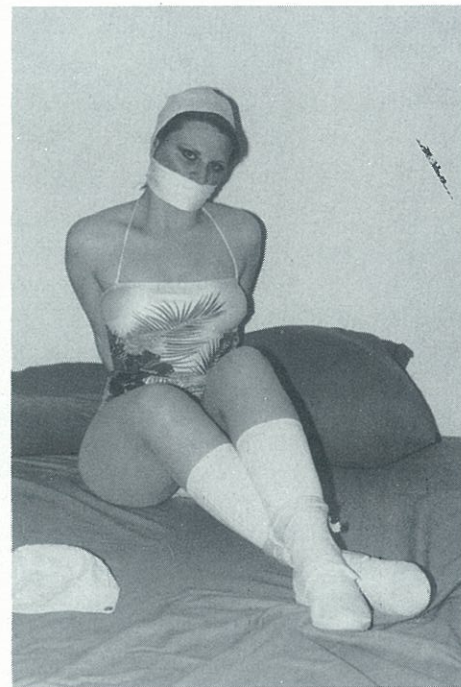
BATHING BEAUTY IN BONDAGE

Bathing Beauties and Diving Belles in tight bondage have always had a strong appeal for me, and some of my earliest fantasies involved pretty ladies being carried off bound and gagged while still wearing their bathing suits and bathing caps, often finding themselves in socks and tennis shoes for the occasion as well.

In our explorations of themes and situations, Sarah and I finally indulged in some bondage seaside fun — fifties-style! It was playful, cheeky, very much a nostalgic thing. Sarah got to model two one-piece swimsuits, a rubber swimming cap (with a spare one handy), plus white knee-socks and white tennis shoes (useful beachwear, hence the Aussie name, "sandshoes").

Our first pictures show my lovely friend in a white one-piece, her hands tied behind her, a folded latex pool cap pressed in her mouth behind that tight white bandage. Her bathing cap (a strapless English number) perches stylishly on the back of her head, allowing a generous fringe to soften the severe line bathing caps often give across the forehead.

Next, it's a floral one-piece swimsuit, worn again with her tennis shoes and that cheeky white cap. This time Sarah is stretched out on the floor topless, lying back with some very non-fifties abandon. The bondage is tight and simple, and I wish you could have heard the naughty sounds Sarah was making through her gag. Tch! Tch! What will the lifeguards think?







ANYONE FOR – ER, TENNIS?

I've had Sarah in tennis bondage many many times now, but never as strictly or as scientifically bound as you see her here. I wanted to use her own racket in place of the conventional crotch-ropes (hah! I love that word: conventional), tying her so that the least body movement forced the bar formed by the handle up against her body.

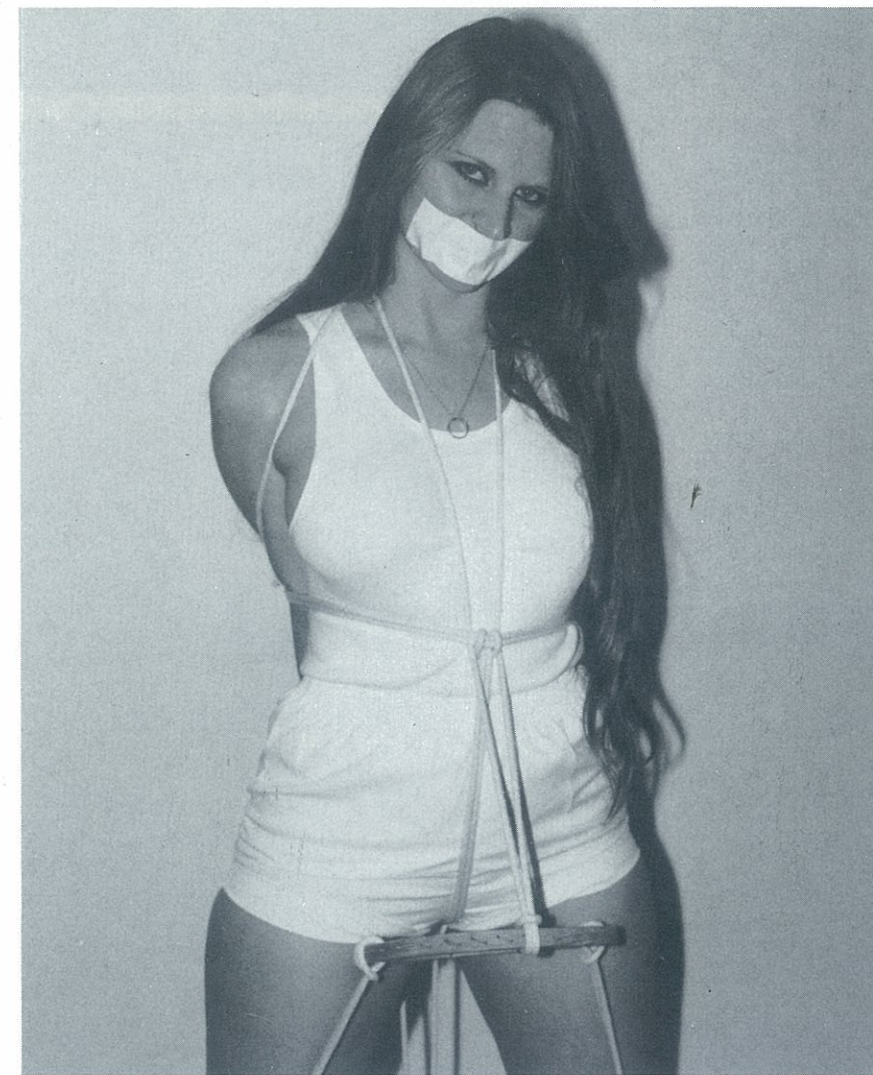
We took quite a bit of time over this, let me tell you. Sarah dressed in white tennis gear – singlet, shorts, socks and Volley tennis sneakers – then came in swinging her racket. I taped her mouth shut, and proceeded to tie her up, doing first her wrists and arms, then arranging all the ropes you see keeping that racket pressed into her crotch. Since it was all experimental, I encouraged her to move about, to see what positions caused the least – and the most – aggravation down there! It was more effective than it might look. If Sarah eased the strain on the frontal ropes by bringing her legs together, it seemed there was a new and annoying strain on

the neck or the wrists. I think I was luckier than I deserved: Sarah was oooohing and aaaahing whenever she moved, and finally settled for standing still and enduring the pressure of the tennis racket rather than those ropes.

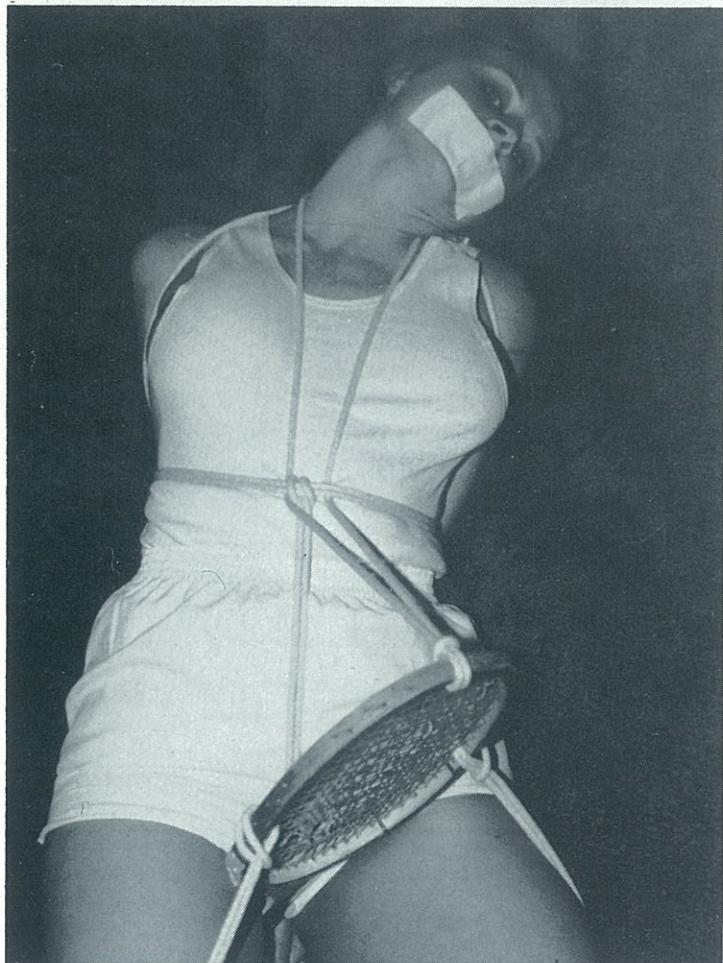
Let me assure you that I was adding to her predicament all the while by making appropriate comments, telling her how sexy she looked and what I had in mind for later, and reminding her of how raunchy and outrageous she looked with that racket fixed there of all places. Whenever she reacted to these comments, however, by twisting or angling her body, she'd just pull one of those ropes tighter and end up oohhhing as if goosed!

As a final touch, I lowered her to the floor (ooohh! – aaaahhhh! – oooooohh-hhh!!!) and let her struggle about down there. It was (for her) no improvement, while (for me) it was a great deal of erotic fun to watch.

An interesting way to pursue this popular sport, I think you'll agree.



"Sometimes the photographs really surprise me. I never know exactly how they will look because I only know how it *feels* when the photos were taken. All my senses at that time are emotional rather than visual. I may feel coquettish, or I may even feel defiant. But I never know what the camera sees until I actually hold the photographs in my hand."



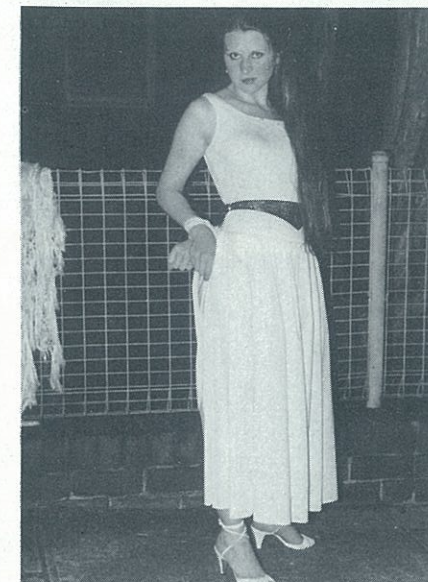
BONDAGE IN PUBLIC

A warm night in late spring. Sarah and I are off to a local restaurant and we are walking because it's not far and the evening is so very beautiful. Now the proprietor of this restaurant is a good friend named Bill, who knows us not too well but just well enough to *know* something extra goes on between Sarah and myself. Sometimes, during dinner, we look up to find him staring at us, and at Sarah in particular. Now and then he shakes his head and laughs, as if enjoying a private suspicion. Bill never fails to tell Sarah she is beautiful; Sarah enjoys his attention precisely because he does keep it to himself.

So, in a private way, we decided to be bold for Bill's ongoing enjoyment. Nothing is more tantalizing than for us to go out in public with "bracelets" — or ropemarks — on Sarah's wrists. We have done this accidentally in the past — gone out somewhere after some bondage and suddenly discovered that Sarah has a nice set of marks about her wrists, arms and ankles. We have even gone to Bill's restaurant with Sarah nicely marked. Whether or not Bill has seen these "bracelets," he has never said. Maybe it explains his smiles and some of his fondness for us.



"I'm the sort of personality who loves to play games, and bondage is naturally top of the list. I'd really love to be twenty different women, so that I could experience all the 'first times' over, and be tied and photographed twenty times as much!"



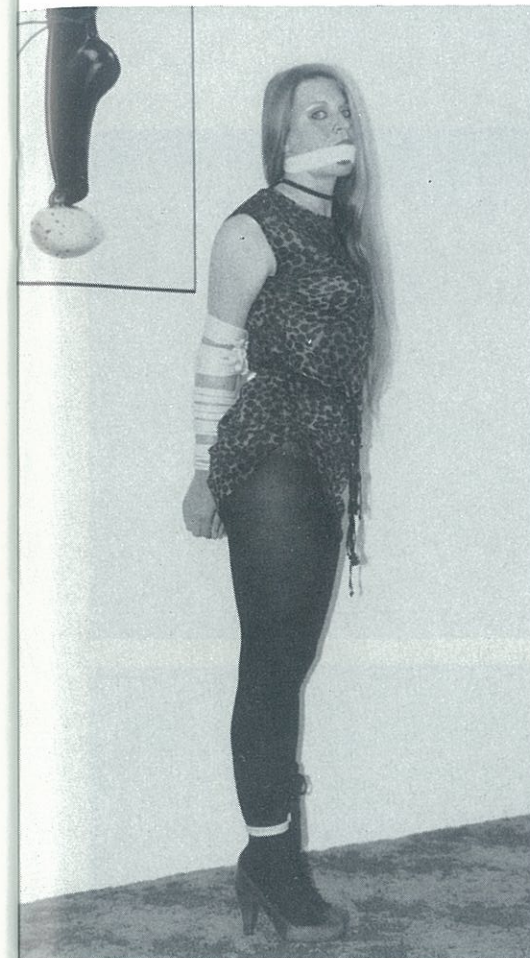
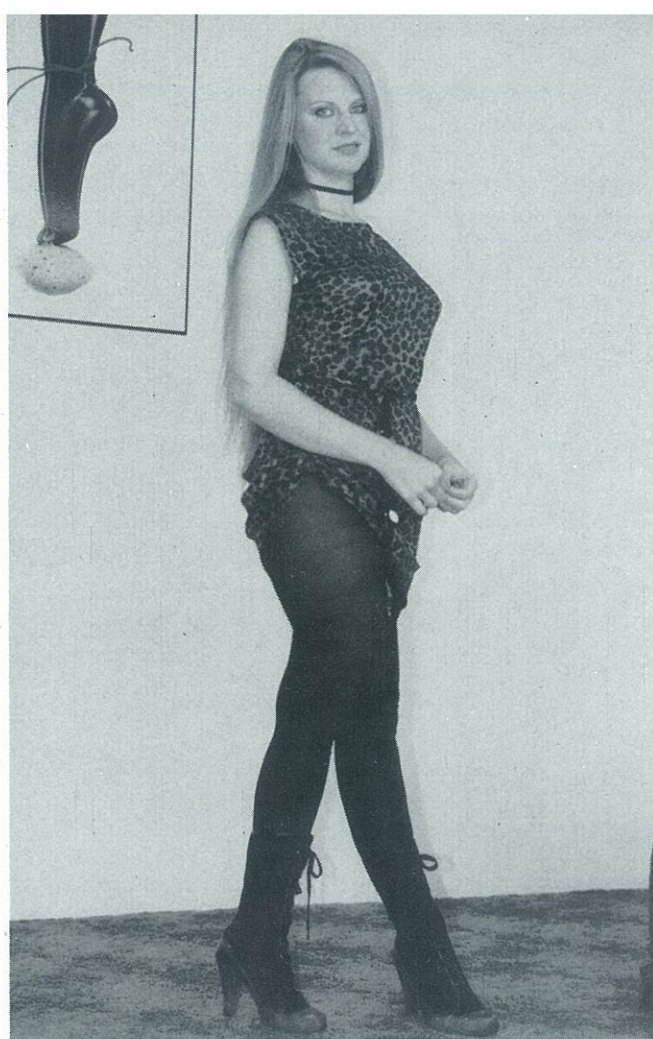
This night, I decided to provoke Sarah and test Bill's powers of observation. First I bound Sarah's hands behind her back and added a tight white gag to stir the *gehen* and get the blood racing. My purpose, I announced, was to take a few impromptu pictures because Sarah looked so lovely. But when it came to leaving for the restaurant, I only removed the gag, leaving her wrists bound.

"Let's go," I said.

Sarah smiled, believing that I was joking. She gave me an inquiring look, as much to say, "Oh, yeah?"

But I draped a shawl about her shoulders and off we went. I took my camera along, and when we were out in the street, I removed the concealing shawl, stood Sarah on the sidewalk within a few hundred yards of the restaurant, and photographed her.

"Now it's bracelet time!" I said, and Sarah laughed, totally unruffled but aware of where my plan had been directed. I untied her hands and we went to dinner. Bill smiled as much as ever, he gave Sarah his usual close attention, and it was hard to say whether the "bracelets" merely confirmed earlier suspicions or were not seen at all. But Sarah and I certainly enjoyed them, and we certainly enjoyed the meal and the evening and each other.



"I have always been charmed and fascinated by the eccentricities in female fashion. I studied costume and design at school, and even back then I found myself purchasing and hoarding bits and pieces that I liked. Things like petticoats, feather boas, high heels, and anything made of lace. I feel incredibly lucky – a little like leading a charmed life – to have these things so much a part of what I do now. To be able to blend old loves with the new is a wonderful and exciting thing."

ABOUT BONDAGE PHOTO TREASURES:

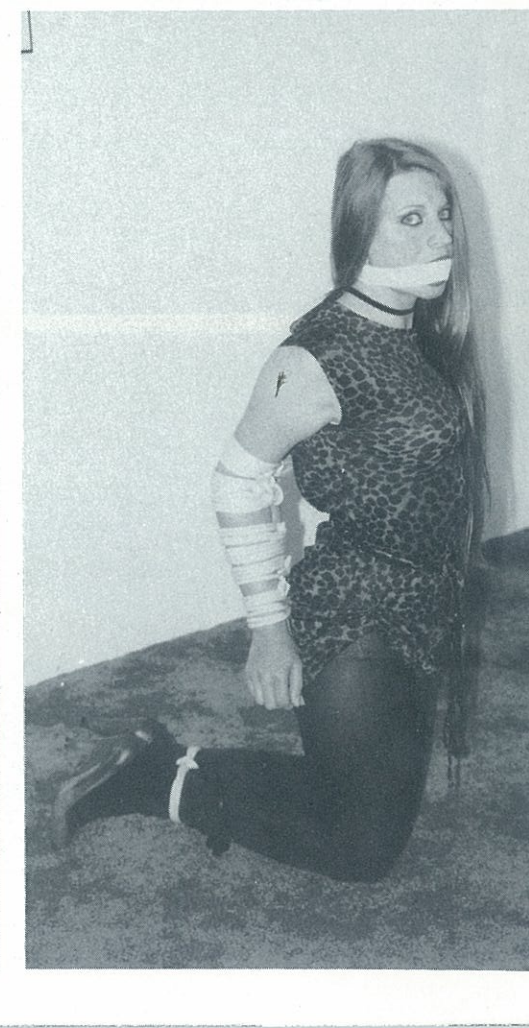
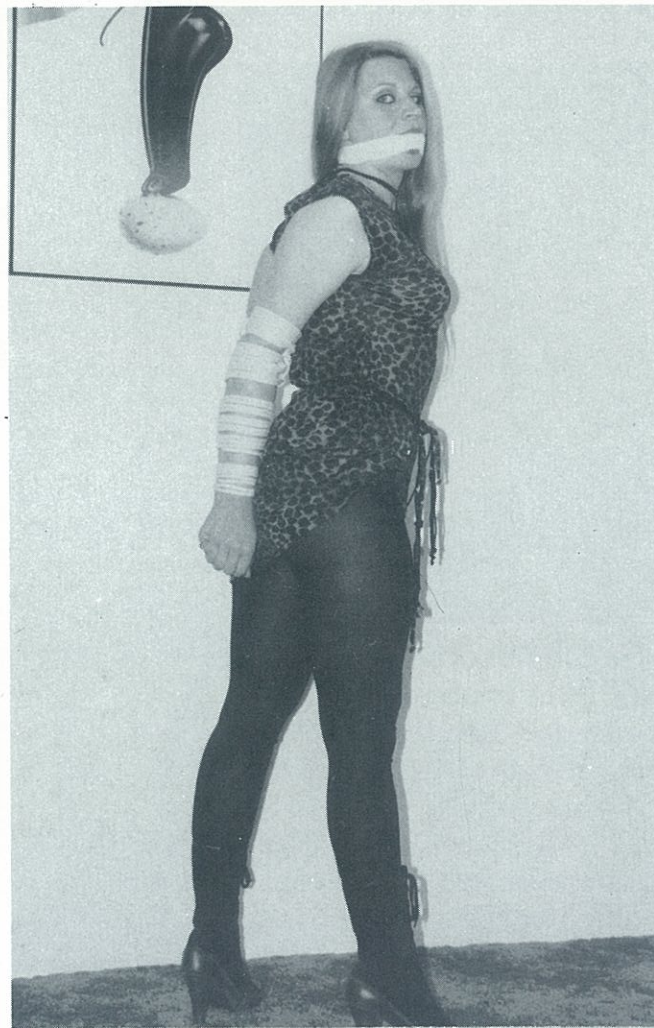
The Harmony magazine that moves forward by presenting contemporary bondage pictures while keeping an eye on the past (for those who may have missed something especially tasty back in the long-ago). A truly interesting and moody magazine designed especially for bondage collectors who need to have seen it all.

ABOUT BONDAGE PARADE:

This magazine is truly "Bondage Life" without "Tielines" and "Bound for Hollywood." So if "Bondage Life" is a must for you, then so is "Bondage Parade," the magazine that is almost completely "By The People" and conveys a sense of how everyone else feels about bondage (and how everyone else looks in bondage). Probably the second finest bondage publication in the world today.

ABOUT BEAUTIFUL BONDAGE SCENES:

Soft visual fantasizations of "Love Bondage." New and unpublished "Damsels in Distress" pictures from Harmony and independent bondagers. The Harmony "Bound Beauties" on parade, mostly in lingerie bondage. Little if any text— but a generous assortment of pictures of the prettiest bondage models in the world today.



SARAH HOGTIED

Sometimes there is no getting away from strict bondage. Simple ropework has its place — basic wrists and ankles and mouthfilling gag. But there are times when the ropework should be a lot more demanding, when the darling in captivity must really *feel* that she is possessed, without choice.

This recently happened with Sarah. She looked absolutely wonderful, totally feminine, undeniably desirable, wearing her green leopard-skin dress, black tights and black high-heeled sneakers of suede and rubber. Everything about her bespoke charm and natural loveliness.

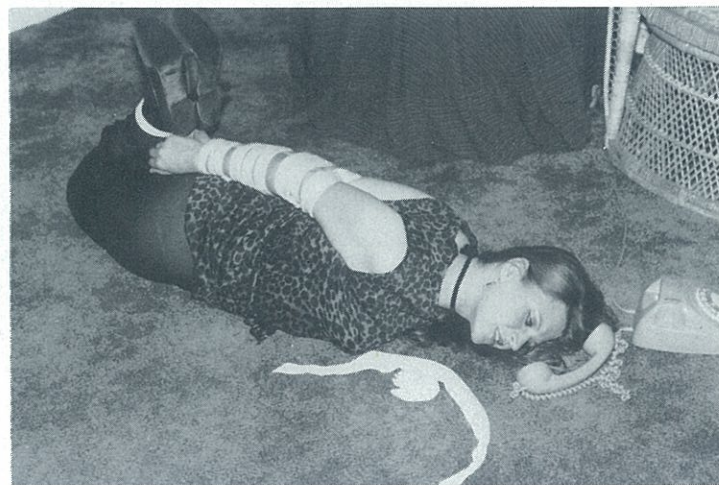
First I outlined to Sarah what was to follow. We would try the Queen of Positions: the hogtie, with elbows together and a very thoroughly packed mouth. Slowly, carefully, I bound up Sarah's arms and wrists, working downwards to the wrists from the elbows themselves, then tying the arms above the elbows for added constriction. The ropes made Sarah's lovely breasts lift beautifully so they were thrusting out in front.

Then I began gagging her. I forced a folded up handkerchief into Sarah's mouth, then bandaged it with a second handkerchief folded up into a narrow band. When it was tied in place over the wadding, speech was impossible. A very simple but very effective gag, a gag to match the rest of her bondage.

I did Sarah's feet next, tying them together and cinching the ankle ropes very tightly. After some shots of Sarah standing, I made her kneel, and finally placed her in a kneeling hogtie, connecting her bound wrists and arms to her bound ankles. This was in preparation for the last stage of her bondage: the classic hogtie, as taught to me by Sean Harper and John Savage and all those other Harmony bondsmen.

You can see the result: Sarah lying face down on the floor, feet lashed in close to those pinioned arms in a going-nowhere-fast position. It only remained for me to get the phone down and dial Robyn's number. I quickly explained to Robyn what was happening at our end of the line, then placed the receiver down next to Sarah. After some long minutes of gag-talk (and some quite provocative remarks from Robyn), I pulled the tight bandage from Sarah's mouth and helped her to eject the wad of gagging. Then I left her to chat with Robyn for a while before untying her. I didn't listen to all they said, but I have a feeling that it was the perfect end to a lovely afternoon.







HOGTIE INITIATION

Sarah Foster Tate

Of all the ways that I've been tied, my favourite is, without doubt, the hogtie.

To be frank with you, though, the first time the suggestion was made to me I thought, "Oh, no! Anything but that!"

It seemed to me then, you see, that to undergo a hogtie was to also undergo humiliation. Even the name implies that it is not a fit thing to do to a person, but to an animal. My mental image of the word was reinforced too by all the television rodeos I have ever seen where confident young males best cattle for sport in the quickest possible time. I just couldn't handle the idea of likening myself to cattle. And that's how it seemed to me, at least as a first reaction.

I did have other reactions too, of course — most importantly my reaction to my man. I trust him, and despite my misgivings, he didn't make me feel as if I was about to undergo any kind of humiliation. Quite the opposite.

It was the last day of a convention, and a friend of Atreus' kindly offered to let us lock our belongings in his hotel room for that day. As we had both been up partying most of the previous night, it was also a welcome chance for some privacy, to take refuge from the constant company. So it was with a sense of stolen time that we let ourselves into that room.



Atreus surprised me (so beautifully!) by producing some hidden clothes that I had no knowledge of, and asked me if I would mind changing into them for a little while. How can I describe to you the feeling that that created in me? As if the unexpected is happening in every second, with real excitement and anticipation for what the next second may bring. I was caught in the mood of extreme whimsy and playfulness. I knew the outfit had been secreted away in the suitcase on pure off-chance. And now was the right time. He laid the ropes out.

Being in such a quiet room was pure luxury, and the binding was done slowly with smiles and savour. The afternoon sunlight streaming in added to a relaxed, endless-time feel. Finally he said, "On your tummy, sweet — I'll put you into a hogtie!"

It makes me smile now to remember what went through my mind at that time. I was thinking, "Eeek! I don't know about this!" But I was in a very playful mood also, and my very next thought was, "Well, let's see if I like it or not! Give it a try!" So I said nothing, and offered myself as requested.

But nerve makes me do strange things, I'm afraid. I certainly act differently from the self-possessed lady you would normally see. I giggle and wriggle just like a little kid, and I *was* nervously unsettled by the hogtie. So when the original occupant of the

suite knocked on the door, I think I would have giggled myself to death if it hadn't been for the gag. I buried my face into the lounge, trying to stifle the noises I was making — and unconsciously I wriggled about trying to dispel the nervous energy that tingled my body. I kept thinking, "What if he comes in? This person that I barely know?" I kept imagining the view as he would see it, and the surprise on his face. That made me want to laugh even more. How funny it would seem! A, with his camera in hand, and me — so thoroughly tied on the lounge — and both of us laughing! Oh no!

But he didn't come in. He didn't even try the door handle. Perhaps he heard me; it's hard to say. I really must ask him the next time I see him.

In any case, you could say that I've never quite recovered from the experience, or you might just say that I've never looked back! It was delightful to discover that not only didn't I mind, but that I found the experience terribly tactile and a lot of fun. Some of my favourite photographs were taken that day; I think because of the excitement of each ticking second, and the reality of stealing time as we did. It was a wonderful initiation and marked the first of other wonderful experiences in a hogtie.

S.F.T.

BATHING CAPS & RUBBER MASK

Spring is a lovely time of the year: women start wearing less of that body-concealing clothing they've had on all winter; the new season's fashions are appearing everywhere; swimwear stores get their new shipments of bathing-caps some of us can choose from.

Here is Sarah on a spring afternoon, dressed in a very skimpy gym singlet affair belted at the waist, white socks and tennis shoes, holding two new caps — nicely patterned and tight-fitting. Perfect for bondage; a uniquely demeaning way of subduing the female personality. I know, I know, how can I cover up all that gorgeous hair? But Sarah is the first to agree, that while she's bound and gagged and still able to exude glamor, she's the one in control of the situation. When a tight cap is over her hair, she loses that confidence. What her head knows doesn't mean a thing; she doesn't *feel* in charge anymore.

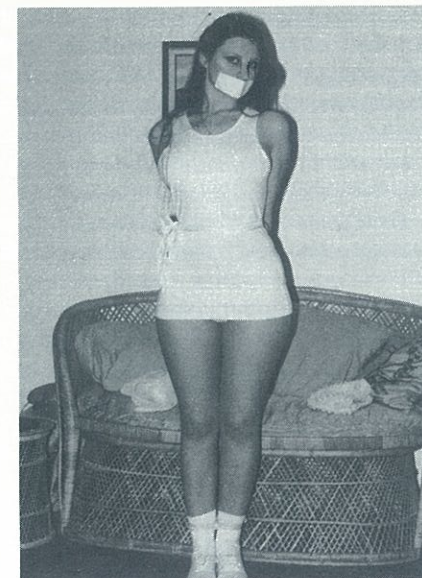
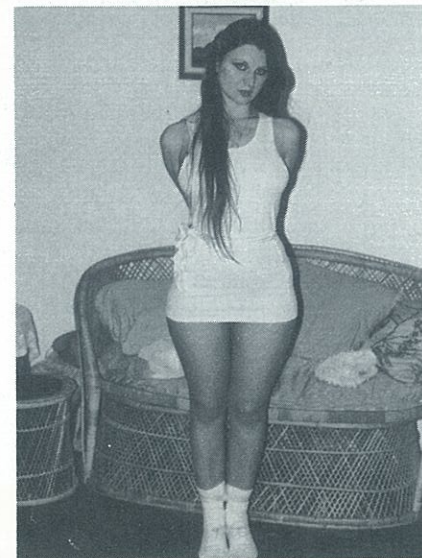
That is part of the reason I enjoy using caps. They can complete the bondage act at a subliminal level often untapped by even the strictest bondsmen!

We start with Sarah displaying our new bondage aids. I have asked her to choose one she can try now: both are rather heavily patterned, both are very close-fitting and difficult to dislodge without using hands.

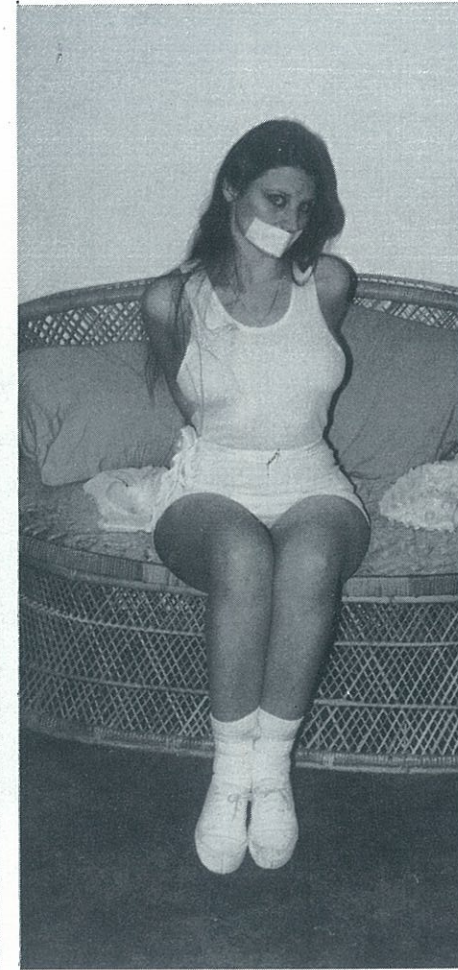
Then, the choice made, Sarah's wrists are bound behind her back, and her ankles are tied. Simple, snug ropework for this. She is posed sitting and standing, then a small rubber ball is pushed into her mouth and her lips are taped shut. I let Sarah sit again, and leave her to "psyche" into the bondage for a while. When I feel she is ready, I free her hands for a moment and have her put on one of the new caps — the one with the "sunburst-crater" pattern on it. When this is tightly in place, I re-tie Sarah's hands and resume taking pictures, now allowing the act of being "capped" to work its own part of the bondage magic on Sarah's spirit. She does become less fiery. She does seem more subdued, as if something inside — normally defiant — is curling up in captive acceptance. It is quite something to see, that subtle change.

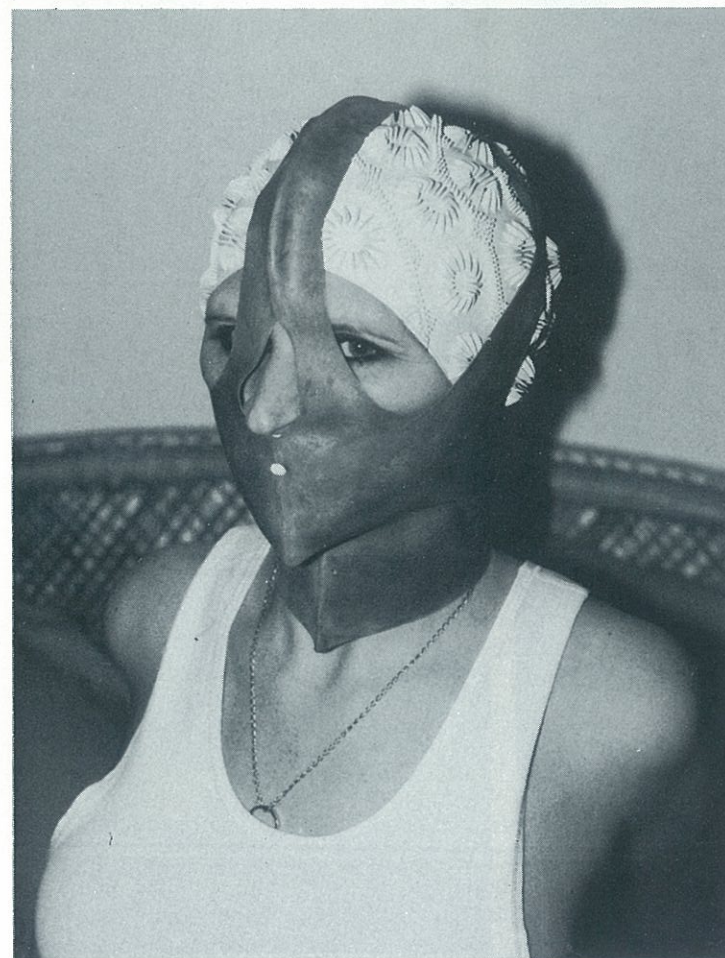
I add to this "captivity." I pull a red rubber gag-mask down over Sarah's capped head, a constricting arrangement of face and head strapping that grips my captive's face very tightly, and further cancels out the glamor for the moment. This rubber gag-harness completes what the tying and gagging and the bathing-cap itself has already begun.

Later in the afternoon, it's time for a rest. I remove the red rubber face-mask and untie Sarah's wrists. She, in turn, reaches up and pulls off the cap. The rubber ball and the tape remain, as do the cords about her feet. I help her to put on a white box-pleated gym tunic, then get her hair up into the second cap, the one with the swirl patterns. Several shots later, I release her and we talk about her feelings during the whole "ordeal."



"The costumes I wear are often a gestalt of tastes — his combined with my own. I have a love for fishnets, black lace and neck chokers, which blend surprisingly well with sandals and bathing caps!"





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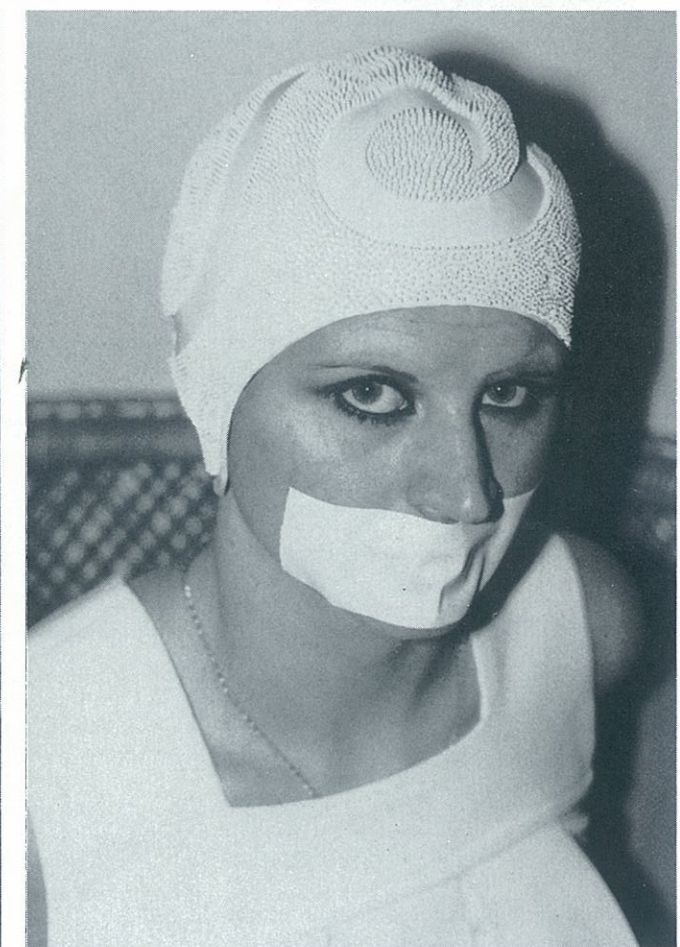
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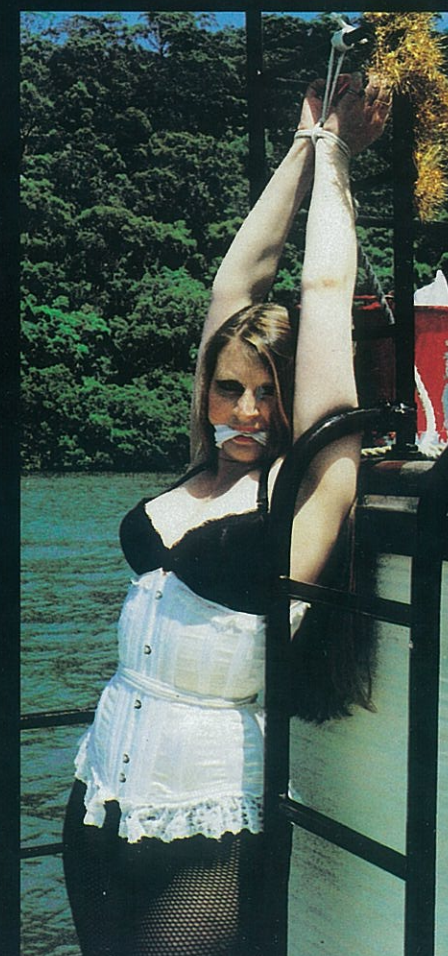
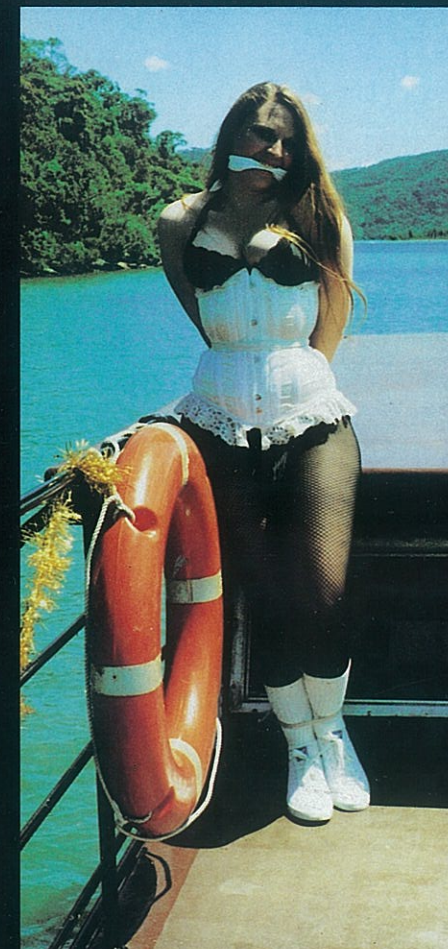
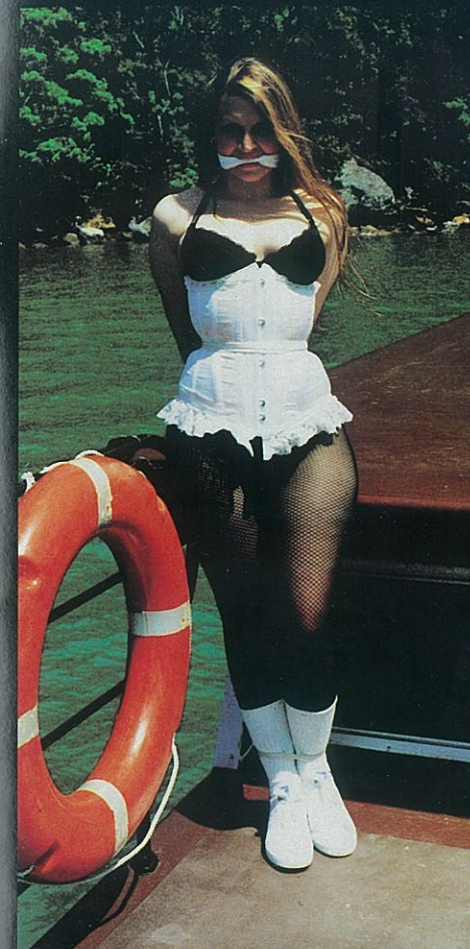




In BL 20's *Tielines*, page 33, there's the comment: "Romantic thought: Bondage in the Rain." This is not new to Sarah and me, and recently we went for such a walk on a rainy evening with Sarah tied and gagged.

For the occasion, Sarah wore concealing black, a dark blouse and jeans with glossy high-heeled rubber boots and a heavy rubber greatcoat. Her hands were bound together in front of her, and a cloth gag of white stretch fabric was tied in her mouth.

We walked down to the nearby park where I photographed my rubber-clad captive. First I took simple sitting shots, with Sarah on a wooden park bench. Then, satisfied that the light rain had kept most of the unusual run of joggers and night-walkers off the streets, I tied Sarah's wrists to some of the park equipment. Stretched out like that, Sarah was quite helpless, unable to prevent my caresses. It was a very romantic situation indeed, given added spice by the fact that someone could turn up at any time.



GREEN INTERLUDE

In these studies, you see Sarah and Tara in a totally feminine moment, in a beautifully simple bondage together. As always, there is the easy closeness that exists between these two lovely females — a natural sharing and caring, and a deep understanding of what bondage can do.

They are wearing green, the color of emeralds and forests and wind-swept fields. Tara is as winsome and leggy as ever, looking lovely in a bright green corselet and briefs, hose and black heels, a green sequined bow at her throat. Sarah makes a perfect companion in her clinging green body-dress, gathered by a black leather belt, with hose and black ankle-strap heels. The black velvet ribbon at her throat adds a fitting Gorean touch to that gorgeous outfit — though not the hard steel of Gor, no. Something soft and more suited to the personality of a willing love-slave.

Like everything else on this languid spring afternoon, the bondage develops as an easy thing too. One moment they are there together as friends, then Sarah is gagging Tara as the first stage of their transformation into Bound Beauties. When Tara is gagged, she in turn gags Sarah. I step back into the picture then and bind their wrists behind their backs, posing them in that first "position" of television bondage (in the good old days, before the wrists came round to the front!).

Next, they are seated and their ankles crossed and tied, again in properly Gorean fashion. I bind their legs as well, cinching the ropes above their knees so even movement there is denied them.

The girls respond to the tying — each stage of it — with small feminine sounds. And when I am finished, they begin "smooching" and nuzzling without a word from me. This is all part of that same transformation, an exquisite interaction. I leave them bound and gagged together alone for a while and go back to some writing I have to do. When I return ten minutes later (no one in his right mind can keep his attention on writing when he has that waiting for him!), I find that Sarah has worked herself up onto the divan and has her head on Tara's lap, gag-talking at one another. A very special way to pass the afternoon.



